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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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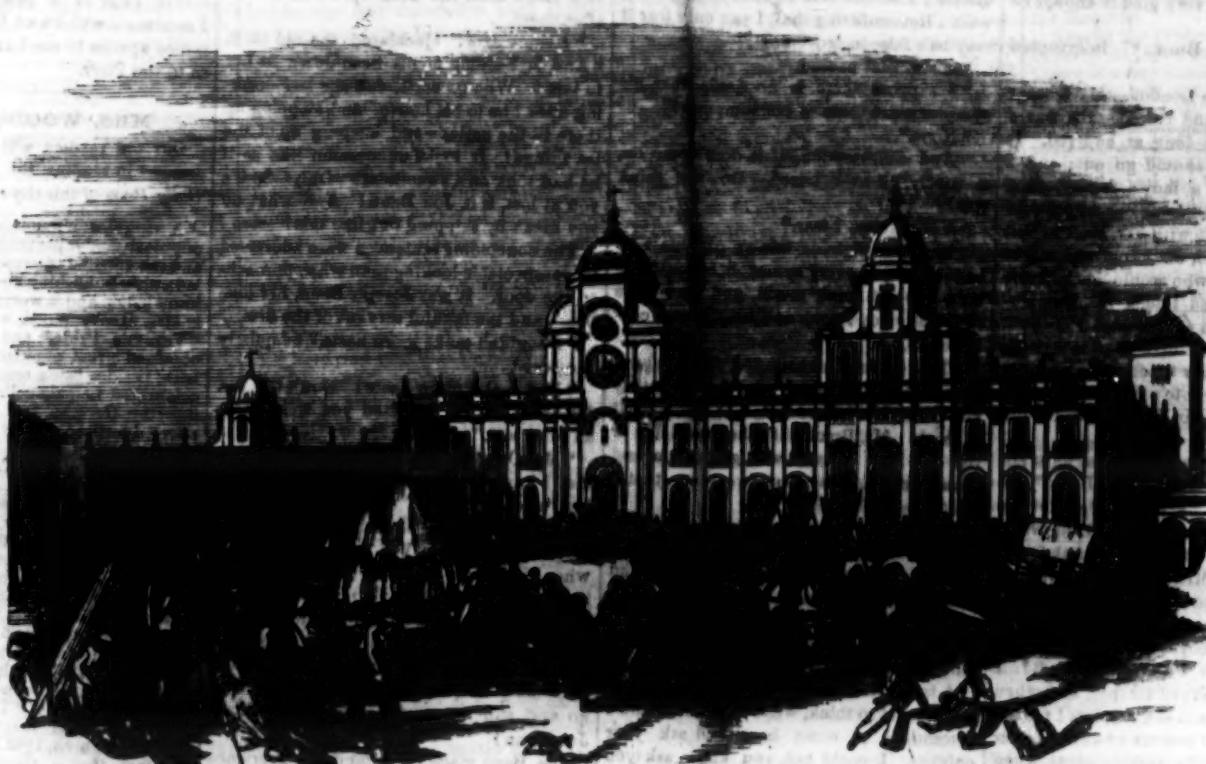
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THE CHURCH AT SANTIAGO, CHILI: AS IT APPEARED BEFORE ITS RECENT DESTRUCTION BY FIRE.

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Editors inserting the above will be entitled to exchange.

Margaret Sings at the Window.

TRANSLATED FOR THE SATURDAY EVE. POST,
FROM GOTHE'S "FAUST."

There was a king in Thulé
Right faithful unto the grave;
To whom his mistress, dying,
A golden beaker gave.

Was naught to him more precious,
He drained it at every bout;
His eyes with tears ran over
As oft as he drank thereof.

And when he felt him dying,
His cities he reckoned up;
His all to his heir ungrudging
He gave, but not the cup.

To kingly feet he sat him,
Midst knights of high degree,
In the lofty hall of his fathers,
In castle by the sea.

Where stood the old carouser,—
Drank off his last life's-glow;
Then tossed the holy beaker
Into the flood below.

He watched it falling, drinking,
Deep sinking in the sea;
His eyes with it were sinking,—
Never drop more drank he.

L. H.

MR. THE GOOD SIDE.—When any one was speaking ill of another in the presence of Peter the Great, he at first listened to him attentively, and then interrupted him: "Is there not," he asked, "a fair side also to the character of the person of whom you are speaking? Come, tell me what good qualities you have remarked about him."

Not many weeks have elapsed since the civilised world was pained with the news of the burning of one of the churches in Santiago, the pleasant capital of the Republic

of Chili, South America, with the loss of more than 2,000 persons—principally of the female sex. In the small space of a quarter of an hour, this awful catastrophe was over.

Everything that could tend to produce such a disaster had been combined by the carelessness of custom. The most inflammable materials in the closest contact with fire, a dense

crowd of women in light full dresses packed together in a building from which, after the first moment of alarm, escape was almost impossible.

Mr. CRAY.—I declare I thought they had gone away, sir!" she said in a tone as crisp as her face. "I am waiting to wash 'em up."

This recalled Oswald Cray's notice to the fact that the remains of his dinner were yet upon the table. He believed he had rung for them to be taken away when he turned to the fire; and then he had sat with his back to them since, never noticing that nobody had come to do it. It was now a little past seven, and Mrs. Benn had grown angry and indignant at the waiting.

"Wouldn't you like the things taken away, sir?" she said in a tone as crisp as her face; "I am waiting to wash 'em up."

"No, he is not back," she returned, her tone becoming rather an explosive one, doing no good for the absent Mr. Benn. "He don't seem to hurry himself, he don't, though he knows if he didn't get back I should have to come up here; and very fit I don't think you have eat much lately. Don't you feel well?"

"Well, I am very well," he replied carelessly, rising from his chair and stretching himself. "Is Benn not back yet?"

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and two or three cups and saucers and all that remained, Oswald had decided to buy him a fine teapot, but Miss Benn considered it would be no small money saved while he might use her black one. Oswald had already resolved to go into one of the Bellman's noted shops and buy a teapot for himself, but somehow he never thought of it at the right time when he was passing them; and the black tea-pot came up still, every evening that he chose to take tea.

He passed himself out a cup, stirred it, and then went for the sheet of paper on which he had been making the notes and sketches. Miss Benn knew her master well. He had said he was going out, but he was not likely to remain over these strokes all the evening as to go out; perhaps, even, in his enthusiasm kept her tea-things up until ten o'clock, or until she went for them. Oswald Gray was one whose heart was in his profession, and work was more pleasant to him than pleasure.

He was busy still over this paper, neglecting his tea, when Mrs. Benn came in again. He thought she had come very soon for her tea-to-to-night. But she had not come for that.

"Miss's company now, sir! A young lady wants to see you."

"A young lady?" repeated Oswald. "To see me?"

"Well, I suppose she's a young lady—what one can see of her through her black veil; but she came to my kitchen bell only, when the knocker was a staring her right in the face," returned Mrs. Benn. "She asked for you, sir. I said, was it any message I could take up, but she says she wants to speak to you herself."

"You can show her up."

Mrs. Benn accomplished this process in a summary manner. Going down the stairs to the hall, where she had left the applicant, she briefly said to her, "You can go up. First door you come to that's open,"—and then left the lady to find her way. Had her husband, Benn, been at home, he would have asked her what she meant by introducing a visitor in that fashion to Mr. Oswald Gray; and he would probably have got for answer a sharp order to mind his own business. In point of fact, Mrs. Benn, on those two dark interludes of her weekly existence, cleaning days, had neither time nor temper to waste on superfluous ceremony.

Oswald Gray had bent over his paper again, attaching little importance to the advent of the visitor; he supposed it might be some messenger from one or other of the clerks. The footfall on the stairs was soft and light; Oswald's back was to the door, and his lines and marks were absorbing his attention.

"Mr. Oswald Gray?"

It was a sweet and pleasant and sensible voice, with the slightest possible Scotch accent perceptible to English ears. It was the voice of a lady, and Oswald Gray started up hastily, pencil in hand.

A short, slight, very young-looking woman, with a fair face and blue eyes, stood before him. Strictly speaking, there was no beauty whatever in the face, but it was so fair, so frank, so honest, with its steady good sense and its calm blue eyes, that Oswald Gray warmed to it at once. She was dressed plainly in black, and she threw back her cape veil to speak—as most sensible women like to. To Oswald's eyes, seeing her by that light, she looked about one or two and twenty, as she had to Mrs. Benn: her light complexion, her small features, and her slight figure were all of that type that remain young a long while. In his surprise he did not for the moment speak, and she repeated the words, not as a question this time—

"You are Mr. Oswald Gray."

"That is my name," he answered, recovering his equanimity. "May I—"

"I come to you from my brother, Frank Allister," she interrupted. "I am Jane Allister."

She pronounced the name "Jean," as she had in fact been christened, but it generally gets corrupted into Jane by English ears and English tongues. Oswald so interpreted it. His whole face lighted up with a smile of welcome; it may be said of recognition. He had heard so much of this good sister from his friend Frank Allister.

"I am so glad you have come to him!" he warmly exclaimed, taking her hand. "Frank has almost pined for you: but he did not expect you yet. I seem to know you quite well: he has talked to me of you so much."

"Thank you; I'll take it," she said, in answer to the chair he offered. "And I will take off my fur," she added, unwinding a bonnet from her neck, and untying her bonnet strings. "Your room feels very warm to one coming in from the keen air outside."

There was something in her frank manner that struck most pleasingly on the mind of Oswald. She sat there as confidingly in his room as though he had been her brother: a good, modest, single-minded woman, whom even a bad man could not do otherwise than respect.

"Yes, I know before Frank expected me," she said. "I did not think I could have come so soon; but my friends kindly recommended me. You know my situation—why I could not come to him before."

"I know that you are"—Oswald hesitated

for a moment, and then went bravely on. Before that clear eye of plain good sense there was no need to inane the matter, and pretend ignorance.

"I know that you are companion to a lady. And that you could not leave her."

"I have been companion and maid to her all in one," said Miss Allister. "When I and Frank had to go out into the world, and do the best we could for ourselves, I was obliged to look out for that I was most fitted for. Our dead mother's brother offered to help Frank, and he paid the premium with him to the house, and assisted him otherwise, and I was very glad it should be so."

"You mean Mr. Brown?" interrupted Oswald.

"Yes. He lived in London. My mother was English born, and reared. He was a good friend to us so long as he lived. It was necessary that I should go out; and a situation offered in a lady's family, Mrs. Graham. She wanted some one who would be her companion, sit with her, read to her, some one well reared, of whom she might make an equal, but who would at the same time act as maid; and I took it. But perhaps you have heard all this from Frank?"

"No, not these past details. Though he has talked of you very much. He has told me"—Oswald broke into a frank smile as he said it—"that his sister Jane was worth her weight in gold."

"I should be sorry to think that most sisters are not worth as much as I am," she gravely answered. "I have but done my duty, so far as I could do it, and the work of us ought to do no less. When Frank found I acted as maid to Mrs. Graham, he was put out much, and wanted me to give up the situation, and seek another. But I laughed at him for a proud boy, and I stayed on until now. What am I the worse for it? I dressed her, and served her, and when of late years she got ill and helpless I nursed and fed her. I had become so useful to her—I must say, so indispensable—that when news reached me of Frank's illness, I could not quit her to come to him. I tried to see which way my duty lay; to leave her for my sick brother, or to leave my brother to strangers, and stay with my dying and helpless friend and mistress. Every week we expected would be her last; she has been slowly dying for these three months; and I felt that it would be wrong to abandon her. That, you see, is why I could not come to Frank."

"Is she dead?" asked Oswald.

"Oh, yes. This mourning that I am wearing is for her. And as soon as it was possible after the funeral, I came away. We had a long and bad passage, two days, and I did not reach Frank until three o'clock this afternoon."

"You should have come by land," observed Oswald.

"Nay, but that would have cost more," she simply answered. "And I knew that Frank was better, so as to be in no vital hurry for my presence. I have come to you, sir, this evening to ask your opinion of his state. Will you be so kind as to give me?"

"First of all will you permit me to invite you to take a cup of tea," replied Oswald, turning round to look at the tray, which was on the opposite side of the table, next the door.

"No, I thank you," she replied, "I gave Frank his tea before I came out, and took some with him. But will you let me pour out a cup for you? I saw that I interrupted ed you."

"But I'm not young," she answered steadily. "I am older than Frank, and he must be as old as you. No, I don't believe that ill of London, that a decent, quiet lady may not walk through its lighted thoroughfares without being molested. Who'd take notice of me?"

"There are conveyances—cabs and omnibuses."

"But they cost money," she answered, with that frank, open plainness, which, in her, seemed so great a charm. "I am not come away to England devoid of means, but they will find plenty of outlets in necessary things, without being spent in superfluities. Any way, they must be made to last both for me and Frank, until I can leave him and go out again. I'd not speak of these things to you, Mr. Oswald Gray, but that you must have heard all particulars of our position from Frank."

"Not for me," said Oswald, feeling as if he had known her for years. "You are very kind, but I have taken all I wish."

"Nay, not kind at all," she said, looking at him with some surprise. "I'd have glad to do it for you."

Oswald had risen, and she came back from the tea-tray, and stood by him on the hearth-rug. Her bonnet still untied, her gloves off, her face and attitude full of repose, she looked as one in her own home.

"You'll tell me freely what you think of Frank!"

There was not the slightest shade of doubt in her voice; she evidently expected that he would tell it her; tell it her freely, as she asked for it. She stood with her fair face raised, her candid blue eyes thrown full up to him.

Oswald drew her chair forward for her, and took his own, pausing before he spoke. In good truth he scarcely now knew what was his opinion of Frank Allister. It was one of those cases where the patient seems at death's door, and then, to the surprise of all, the disease takes a sudden turn, and appears to be almost gone. In the previous month, October, Oswald Gray had believed that a few days must see the end of Frank Allister: this, the close of November, he was apparently getting well all one way.

"I do not quite know what to answer you," Oswald began. "Five or six weeks

ago Frank was so ill that I did not think there remained the least chance for him, but he has changed in a wonderful manner. But for the—"

"For the what?" she asked, Miss Allister having brought his words to an abrupt standstill. "I am sure you will tell me the full truth, just as freely as though I had been with him throughout. I must know for my own guidance; I have come to you for it."

"Yes, I will tell it you," said Oswald. "I was about to say that, but for the *decoufle* which is so often characteristic of the disease; I should believe him to be getting well. Remembering that, I can only fear it may be a false improvement."

Jane Allister paused.

"I suppose there is no doubt that his symptoms are those of consumption?"

"None."

"And consumption, if it does come on, is rarely, if ever cured. Do you think it is?"

"Very rarely, I fear."

"But again, I have known patients who have displayed every symptom of consumption, have suffered much, and who have eventually got strong and hearty, and continued so."

"That is true," he assented. "There have been such instances. I wish I could satisfy you better, but indeed I do not know what to think. Mr. Bracknell asked me a day or two ago how Allister was getting on, and I answered him as I answer you—that I really could not tell."

"When I reached my brother's to-day, and saw how well he appeared to be, so different from what I had expected to find him, I could not help expressing my surprise," said Miss Allister. "Frank gallantly told me that his illness and its supposed danger had been all a mistake, and that he had taken a new lease of life. I did not know what to think, what to believe; and I determined to come here and ask your opinion. I could not, you know, ask you before him."

"And I cannot give you a decisive one," repeated Oswald. "I can only hope that this improvement may go on to a complete restoration; and I should think it would, but for the treacherous nature of the disease. Frank does certainly appear wonderfully strong and well. Even the doctor says that he cannot say that it will not end in recovery."

Frank wrote me word that you had sent a physician to him, and that the opinion was unfavorable. But that was when he was at the worst. You have been truly kind to him, Mr. Oswald Gray, and when I came here to-night I felt that I was coming to a friend."

"I should like to be your friend always," returned Oswald, in an unusual impulse. "I seem to have been so long while, Frank has talked to me so much of you."

"Do you see him daily?"

"Not quite daily since he got better; but as often as I can."

"It is a long way here. So many streets. But I got misdirected."

"You surely did not walk?" exclaimed Oswald.

"To be sure I walked. Why should I not walk?"

"But it is not right for young ladies to be alone at night in the streets of London," he reiterated, a strong wish that he had been by to protect her rising up within him. "It is scarcely safe. Rude people might have molested you."

"But I'm not young," she answered steadily. "I am older than Frank, and he must be as old as you. No, I don't believe that ill of London, that a decent, quiet lady may not walk through its lighted thoroughfares without being molested. Who'd take notice of me?"

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"Nay, not kind at all," she said, looking at him with some surprise. "I'd have glad to do it for you."

Oswald had risen as she spoke, and was now tying her bonnet strings. Oswald picked up a glove which she dropped.

"And now I'll wish you good-night," she continued, putting her hand frankly into his. "And I'd like to thank you with all my heart for what you have done for Frank, for the good friend you have been to him. You have brought to him help and comfort when there was nobody else in the world to bring it. I shall always thank you in my heart, Mr. Oswald Gray."

Oswald laughed the words off, and at tendered her down stairs, catching up his hat as he went through the hall. Mrs. Benn and her black bonnet came up the kitchen stairs.

"Good-night," repeated Jane Allister.

"I am going with you," said Oswald.

"No, I could not let you. I shall find my way quite well. I will not allow you to go out with me."

Determination lay in her voice and in her eye. Oswald answered in a jesting tone,

"I must walk on the other side the street, then, if you will not permit me to walk with you. I was on the point of starting to see Frank when you came in, and I shall certainly go. I have not seen him for two days."

"Then if that's the case I'll not object," she readily answered. "And in truth, as it lies in your way, I shall be glad of your company. You'll tell Frank that I have been asking too much about him."

Oswald closed the door behind him and offered his arm. She took it at once, thanking him in a staid old-fashioned manner. Mrs. Benn drew the door open and looked after them.

"Arm-in-arm!" ejaculated the old lady.

"And he bending of his head down to her to talk! Who on earth can she be!—coming after him to his house—and stopping up there in the parlor—and keeping up of tea things! It looks uncommon like as if he had took on a sweetheart. Only—so it's you at last, is it, Joe Benn! And what do you mean by stopping out like this?"

The concluding sentences were addressed to a respectable-looking man who approached the door. It was Joseph Benn, her husband, and the faithful servant of the firm.

"I couldn't make more haste," he quietly answered.

"Not make more haste! Don't tell me. Mr. Oswald Gray expected you were home an hour ago."

"Mr. Oswald Gray will be quite satisfied that I have not wasted my time when I tell him where I've been. Is he up stairs?"

"No, he is not," she sharply answered. "Satisfied, indeed! Yes, he looked satisfied when he saw me going up to wait upon him in this guise, and to show in his company! And me waiting a good mortal hour for his dinner-things, which he forgot was up; which couldn't have happened if you'd been at your post to wait at table. You go and stop out again at his dinner-time, Joe Benn!"

Joe Benn made no rejoinder; experience had taught him that it was best not to make one. He passed her, and she shut the door with a bang.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Henry Peterson, Editor.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, APRIL 9, 1864.

REMARKS COMMUNICATED.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications.

The Sewing Machine Premium Withdrawn.

Our offer of a Sewing Machine as a Premium is withdrawn for the present. This notice applies to the LADY'S FRIEND as well as to the Post.

MRS. WOOD'S WORKS.

Our old readers will probably be a little amused in reading the following from the Daily Press of this city:

A singular circumstance, illustrating the popularity of a particular English novelist, and the spirit of the English publishing houses, has come to our knowledge, and is worth telling. The author is Mrs. Henry Wood, whose "East Lynne,"

"Verner's Pride," and other novels, have obtained great popularity in England and here, besides being reprinted in Tauchner's celebrated Leipzig collection, and translated into the German and French. There are now advertised, in the London papers, two new works of fiction by Mrs. Wood. One of these is entitled "Trevlyn Ho'd," to appear in three volumes. It happens that T. B. Peterson & Brothers, of this city, published this work as far back as last September; that Mrs. Wood then called it "Squire Trevlyn's Heir," and that Messrs. Peterson paid her a large sum for the exclusive use of the work in this country. The other case is nearly parallel. It is as follows:

"A new story by the author of 'East Lynne' is advertised to be commenced on the 19th March, in the English periodical called Once a Week. Now, as we happen to know, this is the novel of 'The Earl's Heir,' published by Mrs. Wood in March, 1862. More curious still is the fact that a third novel by this lady, which has not yet been published in England, was also produced here, as far back as June, 1863, by Messrs. Peterson. This is 'The Castle's Heir.' There is a fourth novel by Mrs. Wood, entitled 'The Mystery,' published by

SANITARY COMMISSION DEPARTMENT

Women's Pennsylvania Branch,
1807 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.Mr. CALIX COPE, Treasurer,
K. H. Cope & Son, Minor St., Phila.

Sub-committee on Correspondence.

Mr. H. B. GRANT, Chmn.;
Mr. R. H. MOORE, Secy.;
Mr. GEORGE PLATT, Secy.;
Mr. W. H. PURVIS.

Ex-Officio.

Mr. LATIMER.

Mr. M. M. DUANE.

Mr. PHOEBE M. CLAPP, Asst. Secy.

THE GREAT CENTRAL FAIR.

To be held in Philadelphia, June 1st, 1864.

The Committee on Benefits, Entertainments, and Exhibitions for the Great Central Fair, address themselves to those gifted with talents and accomplishments among our people, and invite them to turn all their powers and requirements to account for the benefit of our brave and suffering soldiers.

I. We invite all theatrical companies in all the cities and towns in Pennsylvania, New Jersey, and Delaware, and all dramatic artists everywhere to give one or more entertainments for the benefit of the Great Central Fair—all companies of minstrels, minstrels, and like; all those exhibiting panoramas, stereopticons, menageries, circuses, and all shows to give us the proceeds of one or more exhibitions.

II. We earnestly invite all amateurs to aid us. Let the ordinary social amusements and entertainments be converted into a source of succor to the soldier. Let the gay and talented young people in city, town, and village form themselves at once into circles for the organization and management of amusements. Let them, without loss of time, begin to prepare a series of tableaux, dramatic readings, illustrated by tableaux, amateur dramatic representations, charades, Shakespearian readings, music, minstrels, and every variety of parlor entertainments which the fancy may suggest. Let social gatherings, parties, balls, and picnics, private and public, be turned to account by charging admittance fees.

III. The Committee invite the co-operation of persons who by reason of mature years will have more extended social influence, in encouraging and organizing the efforts of the young people. We desire that they should form themselves into associate committees, and put themselves into communication with the Committee in Philadelphia.

The Chairman or any member of the Philadelphia Committee will be happy to enter into correspondence with any one having the above object in view.

IV. It is considered advisable to send the proceeds of such benefits, entertainments, and exhibitions to the Chairman of the Committee in the form of money, rather than to expend it for material to be worked up, with the risk of loss which may occur from an excess of fancy and needle work.

V. The Chairman of the Ladies' Committee on Benefits, Entertainments, and Exhibitions will be at home every day between the hours of 10 and 11 o'clock A. M., at her residence, 1516 Pine street, to receive any one upon business connected with the Committee. Any visitors from the interior of Pennsylvania, from New Jersey, or Delaware, who feel an interest in the subject, are invited to call for consultation and advice.

Gentlemen's Committee.

GEORGE TROTTER, JOHN PHILLIPS.

FRANCIS WELLA, DR. WILLIAM CAMAC.

CONSTANCE GUILLOU, GEORGE GILPIN.

DR. L. R. KIRKMAN, J. SARGENT MEADE.

Ladies' Committee.

MRS. AUBREY H. SMITH, Chairman, 1516

Pine street.

MRS. BLOOMFIELD, H. MOORE, 1718 Wal-

nut street.

MRS. JOHN F. FRAZER, 1515 Walnut

street.

MRS. ROBERT C. GRIBBLE, 1428 Spruce street.

MRS. THOMAS SWANN, N. W. cor. Broad and

Federal st.

MRS. JOSEPH HARRISON, 225 S. Eighteenth

street.

MRS. WARREN JOHNSON, Germantown.

MRS. DR. J. L. LE CONTE, 1325 Spruce

street.

The town of Smyrna, Delaware, has

taken the lead in giving an entertainment of

"tableaux vivants." We have the pleasure of acknowledging a complimentary ticket sent to us.

We have been requested to mention to our auxiliary societies that the chaff from shelled corn has been found to be a most excellent substitute for the usual filling of pads; and is highly recommended by sur-

geons.

THE LITTLE HELPERS.

This beautiful and significant term is the name given to a little band of children in Carlisle, who have been working for our soldiers. Its origin is touching in the extreme. A mother lost her lovely little boy, six years old. His heart had been set upon saving his spending money for a Fair for our sick and wounded soldiers. After his sudden death, his mother, to carry out the child's wishes, collected in her house every week a circle of children, who prepared, under her supervision, such articles as she thought best. At length they held their Fair, and realized over \$600.

That short life was not in vain. His earnest wishes, carried out after the heart that prompted them had ceased to beat, have helped to save other lives. And shall not his example incite other little ones to band together for the same noble cause? Our Associate Manager in Dauphin county suggests that circles of children be formed in every town and city, under the name of "The Little Helpers," to work for the Great Central Fair, holding their Fairs wherever they reside, and sending the proceeds to our treasury. We shall hope to hear that this suggestion has been carried out in many places; and we shall always feel a peculiar tenderness for "The Little Helpers," wherever they may be found.

The Little Helpers of Carlisle have set a noble example. Though many may emu-

late, it is not probable that any will excel; but let all remember, who work in this holy cause, that in the sight of God the small offering is acceptable as the large one.

ONIONS FOR THE SOLDIERS.

A COUNTRY GIRL TO COUNTRY GIRLS AND BOYS.

Not long since I heard a soldier say that soldiers like onions; that he had, at one time, paid twenty-five cents for an onion. Onions are good for soldiers, and many of them crave them. You and I don't, maybe; we like them only a long way off; but the soldiers do. Down in a corner of our garden, behind the currant-bushes, in what I recognize from surroundings as a long-neglected corner—a spot unoccupied save by our dogs, who have considered it their own peculiar play-ground, and from which our birds have torn many a head of bones of their strawings—I see, in vision, the morning sun gleam brightly on rows of tiny green blades; and, as I look, the rows seem to form themselves into great characters, which presently I see are FOR THE SOLDIERS. Henceforth for this season at least that bone-strewed plot has a nobler destiny. The vision shall be realized. The dogs must seek another play-ground; this plot is to bear onions for the soldiers. Where now is stiff sod, shall indeed be mellow soil, where onions may take to themselves size and sap and odor. In due time, the green tops may flavor soup for the Home Guard; but every bulb lying concealed in the dark mould shall be sacred to such as have seen actual service. Never, since exiled Israelites landed and sighed for the looks and onions of Egypt, has there been so great a glorification of the odorous, taste-provoking bulb as there shall be in this garden-corner.

This sounds well, say you; but talking breaks no bones, and that frozen sod is not broken yet for those onion-beds. You're right. When the barrels (or shall it only be barrels?) containing them shall have been directed to the U. S. Sanitary Commission, will be a better time for talking of these onions of mine. But just one word to you, girls and boys. Have you a neglected corner in your garden, in your yard, or a place hitherto given to the cultivation of flowers only? That patch is not yours, I beg leave to inform you. The soldier has a mortgage on it. Waste soil is not to be tolerated about our homes in these times, and the tulip, though a lovely ministrant, must give place to a root which may be put to nobler uses. Dear friends, can't you, won't you work these spots for the soldier? Think for any slight weariness we shall so suffer, they have known the hard endurance, the wear of long marches; for every drop of oozing sweat while bending at our toil, the crimson life-current streams from them for country, for home, that we may have them. Let us give freely what we can to those who are giving life, some of them, for us.

Glancing over a newspaper, my eye falls upon a statement that in the Army of the Cumberland there is much suffering for want of vegetables. In several regiments

scouring has broken out, and an urgent appeal is made to the Sanitary Commission for vegetables. Should each of us country girls and boys furnish a bushel, even, of vegetables—we won't insist upon the onions from all, if some of you prefer potatoes for your peculiar patch—and put them all together, those from each village sending their barrels—how the barrels would roll in!

This seems humble work for some of us, does it? No work for country is mean; so work for its defenders is mean. Let us pledge ourselves, girls and boys, that we will do what we can, and that with the enthusiasm with which we pieced together, and flung out to the breeze, our first ministrures of the "Dear Old Flag," in the beginning of these strange times, when it is defended from those whom it has so long sheltered.

DONATIONS.

PHILADELPHIA, March 28, 1864.

The Women's Penn. Branch United States Sanitary Commission acknowledges the receipt of the following donations in hospital supplies since the last report:

School Lane Circle, Warner Johnson, Sec'y, 1

pkgs.; Mrs. Bloomfield Moore, 1 pkg.; German-

on-Field Hospital Association, Miss H. A.

Tell, 2 pkgs.; Ladies' Aid, Darby, Mrs. F. Kemp,

1 box; Ladies' Aid, East Bridgewater, 1 box;

Ladies' Aid, Reading, Miss Clara C. Grice, 1 box;

Ladies' Aid, Williamsport, Lycoming co., Miss

L. A. Snyder, 1 box; Ladies' Aid, Elk Lake, Sus-

quatchie, Miss Mary D. Thomas, 1 box; Ladies'

Aid, Mansfield, Tioga co., Miss Mary M. Morris, 1 box; Mrs. Rhoda Barton, 1 pkg.; Ladies' Aid, Elk-

Lake, Sec'y; Aid Society, Byberry, Jane Hill-

born, Sec'y, 1 box; Vaughan Sewing Circle, Mrs.

Furness, 1 pkg.; Church of Ephiphany, Miss

Farnell, 1 box; Dr. DuPuy, 1 pkg.; Ladies' Aid, Hillsboro, Sullivan co., Mrs. Lippincott, 1 box; Ladies' Aid, Society, Vincennes, 1 box; Dr. El-

well, Sec'y; Aid Society, Byberry, Jane Hill-

born, Sec'y, 1 box; Vaughan Sewing Circle, Mrs.

Furness, 1 pkg.; Church of Ephiphany, Miss

Farnell, 1 box; Dr. DuPuy, 1 pkg.; Ladies' Aid, Hillsboro, Sullivan co., Mrs. Lippincott, 1 box, 1 key; Ladies' Aid, Midfield, Janista co., Miss Carrie

Stonebaugh, 1 box; Colebrookdale Works, Mrs.

Weaver, 1 box; Church of Holy Trinity, Mrs.

Edward Law, 3 pkgs.; Ladies' Aid, Tamaqua,

Schuylkill co., H. B. McCabe, 3 boxes; Miss

Mary Barclay, Bedford, Bedford co., 1 box; Sol-

diers' Aid, Lewisburg, Union co., Mrs. Dr. Dick-

son, 3 boxes; Soldiers' Aid, Salem, N. J., Miss

Thompson, 1 box; Ladies' Aid, Weldorf, Mrs.

Russell Smith, large pig, clothing; Stroudsburg

Dicks' Aid, Anna M. Stokes, 1 box; 1 box x

Princeton, N. J., for white refugees; Aid So-

ciety, Princeton, N. J. 1 box.

THE SNAKE-CHARMER.

"Seeing is believing," so says the proverb, and if any one is anxious to have doubts removed on any subject, no process will be so effectual as that of careful color demonstration—more especially when that evidence is skeptically examined before its reception as truth. Such was my intention when, for the first time in my life, I was lately introduced to an Indian snake-charmer.

A fowl was now obtained, and placed about a foot from the reptile, which was again set free. With the same movement it raised itself a foot from the ground, spread out its hood, and with a loud hiss, apparently of satisfaction, darted upon and seized the fowl by the back of its neck. Hanging there for a few seconds, it let go its hold, and the man at the same instant seized it, as he had formerly done, by the head. The fowl almost instantaneously became drowsy, its head falling forwards, and the hood striking with considerable force into the ground. This convulsive movement lasted ten seconds, and then the bird lay down as if completely exhausted and powerless. In fifteen seconds it gave a sudden start, and fell back quite dead. This was the first time I witnessed death from a snake-bite, and it is unquestionably a sudden, quiet and overpowering poison.

As no description could have been practicable in this instance, I was most anxious to see the reptile killed; but the charmer said he would not have it destroyed; that if it were injured the power he had over the snakes would be interfered with, and the next one would not doubt bite and kill him. He accounted for his easy capture by saying that this was a great holiday for the snakes, and they had been enjoying themselves. "This one," said he, "is not living in this house. He has come from his own home visiting, and has lost his way. On this account he got down a wrong hole, and I was enabled to pull him out. Nasty neighbors and abominable visitors, these cobras! I will take this snake home and feed him and make him tame."

However, we insisted upon seeing him made harmless, or comparatively so, and directed the man to remove his fangs. This he agreed to do, and performed it in this manner: a piece of wood was cut about an inch square, and held by the charmer to the head of the snake. The reptile seized it as he had done the fowl, and with a dexterous twist of his hand the most primitive performance of dentistry was accomplished. The four fangs sticking into the wood were extracted by the roots and given to me. I have them now, and look upon them as more "suicidally" pleasant than a pint of prussic acid or a cask of white arsenic.

Another fowl was now brought and attacked by the snake as before, but without any effect; it shook itself, rustled its feathers, and walked away consequently.

It is alive still, unless some enterprising culinary agent has converted it into "curry" or "devil."

So it was proved beyond any doubt that an Indian snake-charmer was not a "humbug and swindler," as many suppose, but a strong-minded, quick-eyed, active, courageous man. The cool determination and heroism of the charmer in the present instance was rewarded by the sum of two rupees (4s.) and he left the compound with an extra snake in his basket, thankful to his preservers and feeders of his children, as he styled us, and to whom, he said, he owed his life and his existence.

Before he was allowed to enter the room he was searched, and his basket and instrument taken from him. Nothing could have been concealed, for his clothing was reduced to its minimum, and he only carried a short iron rod.

He was shown the hole in which we supposed the snake to be, for now the reptile's tail had disappeared. He lay down on the floor, and placing his face close to the hole, exclaimed, "Burra sap, sahib, bahut burra." (Big snake, your honor, very big.) Without any more preparation he commenced digging round the hole, and removed some of the brick-work. In a few minutes he showed us the tail of the reptile, and with sundry incantations in Hindostanee and curious contortions of his body, seized hold of the tail, and gradually drew forth the snake.

It proved to be a fine specimen of the cobra—a black, shiny, wriggling, hissing, deadly cobra, about five feet long, and at the thick part eight inches round, with a hood measuring, when extended, five inches across. This reptile he handled freely while it was hissing and darting its tongue out every second. Removing it into the yard or compound, he released it. The brute wriggled towards him, and when within a foot or so, reared itself up, spread out the enormous hood, and prepared itself to strike at its captor. But the charmer was not to be wounded. He seized his primitive musical instrument, and commenced very slowly to produce low and soft tones, very harmonious but unconnected. The snake seemed astonished; his hood gradually collapsed, his head and about a foot of his body that was raised from the ground commenced to sway from side to side in perfect harmony with the music, and slower and quicker as the time was decreased or increased. As the man played louder the snake got more excited, until its rapid and unusual movements had quite exhausted it, and it subsided.

Again the charmer seized it, and quickly as lightning ran his hand up its body, holding it firmly by the throat. By pressing on its neck, the cobra's mouth opened, and he dis-

closed the fangs, poison bags, and apparatus complete; thus proving beyond a doubt that it was not a trained or tamed reptile he had been treating like a plaything.

Doubt still arose in my mind, however, about the genuineness of the performance, for I could not bring myself to believe that a man would willingly place himself in such close proximity to certain death.

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THE COMPTER.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

(The following lines were suggested by an incident related in "Twelfth Street Meeting," by an English Quaker lady, who has recently been visiting the military hospitals, and addressing our sick and wounded soldiers. Without further comment, it is hoped the verse below will suffice to tell the simple story—)

A young soldier lay silent and pale,
Mid the wounded, the sick, and the dying;
And the mournful shadows of death
Came to his face all suddenly were lying;
They told he had lost his life;
And the dead who around him did number,
So many, so desolate, so still,
Till they deemed he was one of their number.
They bore him to his bed,
When they saw by a transient quiver
Which passed o'er his face—that the soul
Still pained o'er it passed the dark river.

Then there moved 'mid that chamber of woe,
The simple and form of a woman,
And here was a heart that was worn,
That could hear the sad "cry of the human";
So she came to that sufferer's couch,
The who told her 'twas vain to address him,
And she gazed on his sad shrunken face,
And the tenderly bent down to kiss him:

Then there came 'mid that chamber of woe,
A glow from the Heavenly Spirit,
And she knew in the depths of her soul
That the power of the Highest was near it,
So she laid her kind hand on the brow
Of that poor stricken soldier so lonely,
And she breathed out a prayer without words,
For the ear of the Holy One only.

Then the eyes of the dying one opened,
And his spirit that soft touch did wakes,
As the ripples awake on the stream

When the glass by the soft breeze is shaken:

Then she said—and her voice was as mild
As the sound of the breeze through the

willow.—

It is Jesus can make the death-bed

More soft than the down of the pillow!"

Holy words!—to the cold ear of death,

God made them the voice of another,

And he looked up, and gently said, "Mother!"

Ah! he thought that warm hand on his brow,

And the form that so love-like bent o'er him,

Could belong to no other on earth

Except the dear mother who bore him;

So a smile lit the soldier's young face,

As soft as the moonbeams that quiver

When evening is lovely and calm,

On the breast of the soft-flowing river;

And he whispered—"I'm going to be

With Jesus, dear mother! and sighing,"

He smiled in her kind face, and passed

From this world of the dead and the dying.

Oh! beautiful spirit of Love!
Who speak'st to earth's sad sons and daughters

In the voice of the Heavenly Dove,

When they draw nigh to death's darksome waters;

Far greater than conqueror's power

The might to thine influence given,

Which comforts in death's gloomy hour,

And opens the portals of heaven.

FRANK.

"OUT WEST."

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY MRS. JAMES.

Mrs. Emily Sunderland, "nee" Bennett, came hastily into our house the other day, scarcely waiting to knock—I could see by the excited manner of the little madam that something was on her mind. Always inclined to humanity and tenderness of heart, I seated myself in an attitude of listening, and said,

"What is it?"

"Why, Nellie! I've been reading over some of your old letters, and they really prove the old adage 'Truth is stranger than fiction,' they make a prime love story. Now do select those which form a continued narrative, and send them off to be published."

"Well, I will on one condition."

"Name it!"

"That you allow me afterwards to write out the story of your love and marriage."

Emily only hesitated a moment; she had asked me to make public a portion of my life's experience; and could not without appearing selfish, refuse her own.

Her impulsive nature not admitting of delay, we sat down immediately to the examination of a very voluminous package of letters, from which, we made the following selection:

N—, KANSAS, Aug. 23d, '54.

My Dearest Emily—Now do not open your blue eyes wide with astonishment and wonder. Oh, Romeo! Romeo! where art thou? for, my dear friend, I am still within the dominions of civilization; though for a way from New York, with all its gayety and pride, its bright surface and underneath of ridiculous and want.

I am in the little village of N—, situated on the north bank of the Kansas river, and not quite a hundred miles from the great city (that is to be) of Lawrence. I have called N— a village, but I assure you it is a great city; not only on the maps of the town site, where it presents itself

with regularly laid off streets, numbered and named; but also in the imagination of every one of its inhabitants, and likewise in the minds of numerous stockholders in the east.

The scene which reality presents, is a beautiful and extensive plain, on one side the Kansas river, the remaining three bounded by hills, now covered with tall grass, only here and there a few trees to relieve the monotony.

Scattered over the town site, you will find a few houses and several tents, which you can scarcely imagine would shelter the numerous persons, principally of the stern sex, whom you may see moving about, seemingly intent on some pursuit.

But I expect you are growing impatient to know how I, who only two months ago was the reigning belle of a fashionable circle then gathering for the summer at a gay watering place, should be now a denizen of the wilderness. 'Tis the old story, a turn of the wheel of fortune leaves those who have long sported in the sunshine on the heights of prosperity, down in the vale of poverty. I know so much of the hollow professions, the heartlessness of society in general, that had I not seen down into the inner depths of your tree and nobler nature, my long tried friend, I should scarcely have ventured to address you now that I can no longer lay claim to membership of the charmed circle of which you are the favorite.

But I cannot doubt your affection, or your sympathy. So I will describe in brief the scene which met me on my sudden recall from Saratoga. The girls who were at home for vacation in tears; mamma in hysterics; papa pacing the floor in an agony of self-accusation; servants standing about listening and whispering and consulting; while the house was all in disorder. The cause of all this tumult I found to be papa's sudden and complete failure, caused by the departure of his partner in a steamer for Europe, with all the funds which he could collect and borrow in the name of the firm.

"Will it take everything, papa?" said I, summoning up my failing courage.

"Everything; what a fool I was, to allow my natural and fostered indolence to betray me into such trust of a scoundrel."

"You cannot help it now, papa. But is there no piece of land, no farm in the country, where we can go for a while?"

"Nothing but that worthless piece of Kansas property, the deed to which I had made out in little Jamie's name, thinking it might possibly be of some value twenty years from now. I took it only to oblige an old customer, who was otherwise unable to pay a debt of long standing."

Even while papa talked, the idea of emigration had seized upon my active brain, and in the contemplation of the romance of a life so different from anything to which I had been accustomed, and of which I had gathered many romantic ideas from books, my imagination revolved, losing sight of what to the others seemed a dreadful calamity. I knew when papa had done speaking, though scarcely what he said, and concluded:

"But I wish you would make inquiries. Perhaps it is more valuable than you suppose; and, in our changed circumstances, do you not think we should be happier far away from here?"

"I have not yet thought much about it, but I suppose we must begin to consider soon. Something must be done; we shall be obliged to leave this house in a few days or weeks at farthest. I must begin the world where my father did before me. I do not mind myself or the boys, but my daughter and your mother."

"Oh! we shall be the better for it, no doubt," said I. At which Jennie and Clara's tears began to flow afresh, and mamma fainted; and in busying myself to revive her, I for a time lost sight of my western project. But when she again recovered, papa having gone out, I engaged myself inspiring them all with my own eagerness to emigrate, relating all the beautiful and romantic things I had ever read of the west and western life, and succeeded so well, that when papa reported that upon inquiry he found his claim situated contiguous to a rising village, and would, if we were all willing to accompany, or remain while he ventured alone to prepare the way, carry out a stock of dry goods and groceries, and become a retail merchant on a small scale, all voted to go, and go immediately. And that is why we came. But I must close this long epistle and retire, for I assure you I am now no idle butterfly, but a hard-working, busy bee, to whom each night's rest is necessary to renew the failing strength for the day's labor.

Write to me soon. Adieu.
Your friend, NELLIE ARMSTRONG.

N—, Kansas T., Sept. 16.
My Dearest Emily—I have not yet received an answer to my former letter, nor is it time for me to expect one; but my thoughts have been about you all day; and now that my daily duties are performed, and the whole household, excepting myself, wrapt in the embrace of the drowsy god, I take out my paper and pen, and my fingers instinctively trace the letters of your name, and I begin again my narrative of our fitting. It is not necessary to describe our journey—you

know all about travelling by steamboat and rail; and we had no remarkable adventures, no hair-breadth escape, and consequently no handsome and youthful deliverance. Even the stage in the Missouri river kept a respectful distance, and the sandbars descended themselves in like manner. In our travel inland, however, we were destined to have our beautiful and romantic visions somewhat toned down. The weather was intensely warm, and the heat of the sun almost intolerable, as we rode over the rough roads in an old rickety stage-coach. How we longed for the going down of the sun, and how grateful we were for a single room in the little log hotel, the whole house scarcely as large as one of our parlors in the old home. Poor mamma—accustomed all her life to ease and every luxury—could scarcely restrain her tears; and had I not known that she would have suffered more in her wounded pride at daily sights and mortifications had we remained, I should have blamed myself severely as the instigator of our western movement. At the close of the second day we reached the scene of our future home, at the sight of which even my courage gave way, and a doleful array of female faces we must have presented to the wondering group who stood around the hotel—very small, yet an improvement upon our last night's resting place.

And now we were at the end of our journey, and were allowed to rest a few days; while papa, with the aid of his future friends and neighbors, prepared our house. Shall I describe it to you? A large log cabin, with two rooms below stairs, one of which serves as a kitchen, laundry, etc., the other dining-room and parlor. Above stairs there are three apartments, mamma's, one for the boys, while Jennie, Clara, and myself occupy the other. The house is nowhere planed, but will be ere the cold weather begins. Brussels carpets and velvet tapestry are rather out of place in a log cabin, but we had no other; and then the walls of our parlor and mamma's room are covered with our old damask curtains, which give it rather a homely appearance. We brought out the sofa and chairs which stood in our dining-room at the old home. They give us rather a stylish appearance in these parts, I assure you, so much so that one of our neighbors was heard to say she "was afraid them Armstrongs was big bugs." But I must tell you something more astonishing than all. We have not a single servant! In fact we have no room for any if it were possible to procure one. Of course we girls relieve mamma of all care. I, myself, am head housekeeper; and indeed, dear Emily, I must confess it rather a fall from the flights of fancy concerning western life, with its roaming through woods and over prairies, seeing the noble Indian, and learning simplicity from communing with uncultivated nature, this looking after daily bread, compounding of Johnny cake, a staple article in this country, learning to dress and cook poultry, make bread and all the necessary articles of household economy. To be sure I have two able assistants. Then I have no time to grieve over the past, every moment is fully occupied, and there is a sweet reward in papa's smile of approbation. He takes me into all his schemes now, and I am pleased to be able to tell you that he sees a bright future before him. He has already been obliged to order an additional stock of goods, and will, I hope at some day, be relieved of all pecuniary difficulties, and probably secure a competence for the calm enjoyment of the days to come, when his locks are silvered and his eyes grow dim. We have been invited to a party next Thursday night, and papa proposes to escort us, so we shall probably go, but I must again say my good-night.

The child grieves sincerely, but the future opens bright before him; new ties, and new interests, and new loves will wear away the first bitterness of grief; but to the truly wedded, how ruthless the hand that bears away its mate for many years. The very soul seems rent in twain. My father! Oh, my father! thine will be a lonely, desolate life. But a little time ago, and he was all joy and hope, now he seems twenty years older. The great object of his labors to render my mother's declining years easy and comfortable is gone.

Yet we have one true friend, one who in our day of laughter and glee, of happiness and frolic, though with us seemed not one of us, yet in our grief has assumed the post of director and comforter, I mean my father's clerk, Ernest Harwood.

Before, though with us at meal-time, he invariably left immediately after, in the day time to his business and in the evening to his studies. He is preparing himself for admission to the bar.

He seemed pleased enough, conversed well, but never evinced any particular interest in our welfare, but now, how changed! Every moment of his precious time is spent in trying to lessen our sorrow, and point us to the only true sources of consolation, the Bible and our Saviour. To me, his attentions are doubly grateful. Papa looks to me for comfort, and the girls for an example of fortitude; and I fear my weak strength would fail, were not a strong earthly arm vouchsafed wherein I may lean till the storm of grief be spent. Shall we ever be happy again I wonder! It seems impossible with that cherished face forever hidden. Pray for me, dearest, and write if you can a word of consolation to

Your stricken friend,
NELLIE ARMSTRONG.

distant hills re-echo our music, and no Mrs. Grandsy to call us to account for it. Let me relate a laughable adventure which occurred to day:

We were all busy at our morning's work, Jennie washing dishes, Clara ironing, and myself sweeping, and all singing to the full extent of our vocal power, when a knock was heard at the front door; being the noise of the aforementioned aperture, I myself opened it, and there stood a fine specimen of the gnomes-home with a carpet-bag in his hand.

"We were all busy at our morning's work, Jennie washing dishes, Clara ironing, and myself sweeping, and all singing to the full extent of our vocal power, when a knock was heard at the front door; being the noise of the aforementioned aperture, I myself opened it, and there stood a fine specimen of the gnomes-home with a carpet-bag in his hand. I knew he was a stranger by his bearing; they don't last long in Kansas, the wind having a peculiar fancy for carrying them over the prairie. But there stood the gentleman, and though I feared he had mistaken our cabin for a boarding-house, I invited him to come in and take a seat. He said no, and then in rather an embarrassed manner said, "I fear I have made mistakes the place, but in order to explain my intrusion, will state to you that my errand was to find a washerwoman." I referred him to several services for disconsolate young bachelors.

"No," said he, "I have called at nearly every house on the town site this morning, and only meet with disappointment; I fear I shall have to turn bachelorette myself." "I am very sorry for you," said I, "but we are such novices in household duties that I could not think of undertaking additional labor, or I should try to oblige you." "Thank you; please excuse me for intruding;" and he was much to the relief of the girls, who were ready to explode with laughter, having heard all our conversation.

What beautiful moonlight nights we have

here, such a softened yet brilliant light as Luna pours on this portion of Mother Earth, and how long the winter lingers; when the still north wind blows for a day or two, and we begin to think cold weather is coming, the south wind again obtains the supremacy, and with his balmy breezes sends the old North king back to his pole; but again I say good-bye, with much love remaining.

Adieu, NELLIE.

N—, K. T., Sept. 26th, '57.

My Dear Emily,—You, who have been my confidante in trouble, shall hear first my tale of joy. Even before my sisters shall you be preferred. Ernest, my noble Ernest, the man above all others whom I respect, honor and love, has asked me to become the companion of the bright day which is dawning upon his morning of clouds. I have sometimes wished it might be so, yet scarcely dared to hope that I, who am so unworthy even his brotherly love, might fill the highest place in his heart. But it is even so. To-day he was admitted to the bar, and to-night for the first time lingered after his usual hour of departure. "Will you walk with me, Nellie?" said he abruptly, amid papa's congratulations on his success to-day. My only answer was to rise and take the proffered arm, and we passed forth into the bright moonlight, two lives hereafter to be blent in one.

"Nellie," said Ernest, "for the past few months I have had a new motive for exertion, a new incentive in the struggle to raise myself from the obscurity in which I was born. It is the hope that this hand I now take may one day be my own, that the bright, happy sunshine of your life may shine upon my rugged path of toil. Tell me, Nellie, have I hoped in vain?" I did not withdraw the hand he held, and henceforth I am to have a guide, strong, true, brave, and tender on my journey of life. There are some persons whose presence calls forth all the evil traits in my nature; pride, envy, ill temper, who vex me constantly and unconsciously in every speech and movement, but with my Ernest every good and noble feeling is called forth, every high and holy emotion. Patience possesses my spirit, and love rules my actions. We shall wait one year for Ernest to become established in his profession ere we take upon us the solemn vows of wedded life. Good-night, I must sleep.

Your best friend, NELLIE.

P. S. to the above tale:—

The year rolled swiftly on. The blessed time of union came, and we left the old homestead, and dwelt in a neat white cottage by our happy selves. Four winters, with their snows and chilly winds, have come and gone, yet blighted not our love; four summers brought us on their balmy wings new joy.

Prosperity, the certain fruit of industry, perseverance, integrity, and ability, has come to Ernest in the practice of his profession. Fame and popularity are his, yet he is still the same. No temptation can move the firm rock of honor on which my happiness is based.

LEARNT BY HEART.

One beguiling and one beguiled,
A bearded man by a mere slim child;
Two blue eyes 'neath a scarlet hood,
Two forms under a tree in the wood:

Two blue eyes may beguile a king,
Golden hair is a dangerous thing,
And an artful glance oft seemeth shy,
Lure to attract a lover's eye:

Two names cut in the beech-tree deep,
Two young hearts in a flutter keep;
Clasped hands lingering on the bark—
Was that a kiss or a whisper? Hark!

Who speaks low, with an earnest breath,
Speaks of a love that shall last till death;

Who looks down with a tearful eye,
Half with a smile, and half with a sigh?

'Tis the old, old story, I suppose,
And the pupil at last the lesson knows;

Ever 'twas thus, and 'twill ever be,
When the world has forgotten both you and me!

BY THE RIVER.

The sunshine quivered on the quivering poplars,
That grew beside the stream;
And o'er the distant hills there seemed a glory,
A gold and purple gleam;

And I know
That even in the March wind there was music,
And in the river's flow.

I loved to hear the sighing of the water,
To mark its green depths shine;
But more I loved two brown eyes, calm and tender,
A dear hand clasped in mine;

For I know
I thought that love would last for ever, changeless,

Though rivers ceased to flow.

God is the sunshine from the quivering poplars,

The glory from the land;
Gone, the brown eyes that made the sunshine brighter;

And gone the clasping hand;

But I know
My tears are like the river—ah, the river!

That cannot cease to flow.

LOST SIR MASSINGBERD.

CHAPTER XIV.

WHY SIR MASSINGBERD DID NOT MARRY.

"I suppose you have heard, Peter Meredith, young as you are," began the old woman, "a great deal of ill-speaking against us wanderers. We not only kill game, but even domestic poultry, if the opportunity is given to us; we not only steal wood, but horse-flesh; and since we are so partial to carrion, it is not to be wondered at that we sometimes suffocate a sheep with a piece of his own wool, in order to get the carcass cheap from the farmer. Yet whatever false charges are current about us now, these are nothing, either in gravity or number, to what they were when I was a young girl—that is, fifty years ago. Every man's hand, every woman's tongue, was against us; magistrates committed us without testimony; rogues made a trade of accusing us solely to get blood-money. Our name was more than a by-word—it was a brand; to call a man a gipsy, was to say vagabond and thief in one. Under these circumstances, Massingberd Heath left his father's house yonder, and came to live with us as congenial company. We were in this very wood the day he did so. The sun shone as brightly as now, the streamlet ran just as blithe, the air was filled, as now, with the sweet-smelling pine. The people only are changed—ah me, how changed!—who made up that scene. There was my father—he died! ten years younger than I am now; is not that strange, boy? his brother Morris—dead: poor Stanley Carew—you shall hear of him presently—a handsomer lad by far than his nephew there: my beautiful Sennamens, compared to little Miss yonder, though she is pretty enough, like a blushing rose to a mere peony—the flower of womankind. If there are ladies and women born into the world, then she was a lady. There are no such beauties now—no friend, not even at the Dovecot. Let me see—I have counted four: then I was there also, comely enough, 'was said, but not to be spoken of for looks with my younger sister.

"We were occupied pretty much as you see us now, for life in the Greenwood possesses but little variety, when Massingberd Heath strode in among us, with his gun upon his shoulder. We knew him well, but were not inclined to dislike him. He was a dissipated, wild young fellow, but, as yet, his heart was thought, as the saying is, to be in the right place; his popularity, however, was principally owing to his antagonism to his father. Sir Wentworth had long passed through the spendthrift stage, and was very close with respect to money-matters; a harsh and griping landlord, and it is probable enough a niggard parent. His son's extravagances were at that time insignificant compared to what they afterwards became, yet the old man was for ever complaining. He persecuted all who were poor and in his power, but the gypsies especially. He feared for his deer, for his game, for his fences, and, besides, I verily believe he detested us for our improvidence. I remember he sent two of my young brothers to prison for tossing for halfpence upon a Sunday—he who made not even a pretense of religion himself, and had been used invariably to pass his day of rest in town at Tatton's, betting his thousands on some approaching race. It is said that this wretched old man used to horsewhip young Massingberd almost daily, until a certain occasion, when the latter found himself stronger than he imagined, and reversed the process. After that, Sir Wentworth confined himself to cursing his offspring, whenever they quarreled. It was after some dreadful outbreak of passion on the part of the old man, that Massingberd Heath left house and home, and elected to join our wandering fortunes. We were very unwilling that this should be. It was by no means so unusual a proceeding then as now, for persons of good birth, but broken fortunes, to become gypsies, but such had usually their private

reasons for renouncing so far life. They were very rarely criminals, but generally social outlaws, for whom there could be no reconciliation at home, or younger sons of respectable families, with quite a mountain of debt upon their shoulders. These were regularly nationalized among us; and if they contented themselves for sufficient time in accordance with our regulations, they were permitted to intermarry with us.

"Now, it was certain that Massingberd Heath sought only a temporary home; as soon as his father died, or even offered terms to him, he would leave us, and resume his proper station. Moreover, how was the maintenance of discipline and obedience to the chief of our tribe, absolutely essential as it is, to be kept up in the case of this new-comer? Even at that time, he was a headstrong, wild man, to whom all authority, however lawful or natural, was hateful. Was it to be expected that he who despised his own father, himself a man of iron will, would obey Morris Liversedge? On the other hand, Uncle Morris rather liked the young fellow. He had consived at many a raid on his father's own preserves—to such a pitch had the quarrel grown between them—and kept our pot boiling with bird and beast. Many and many a time had he led the Fairburn keepers to one extremity of the preserves, while the slasher was going on in the other. Moreover, it would be of great importance, could we make a friend of the man who would one day own all these pleasant haunts of ours, and who could say a good word, and a strong one, for the poor persecuted gypsies, when it was needed. Poor Morris did not know that the Rebel but too often turns out a Tyrant, when he gets his chance. He could not foresee Sir Massingberd Heath sending folks to prison, or getting them kidnapped, and sent across the sea, for assuring the hares that he held so cheaply when they did not happen to belong to himself. If you want to find a gentleman, who in youth, and landless, has been a poacher whenever the opportunity offered, look you among the gage-preparers on the bench of justices. This, however, is among the least of the basenesses of him of whom I speak. It is not for his bitter guardianship of bird and beast, or his hateful oppression of his fellow-creatures, that my heart cries out for judgment against this man; that I look with eager longing for that hour when God shall take him into His own hand."

The old woman paused a moment with closed eyes, and muttered something that was inaudible to me, rocking herself at the same time to and fro.

"Massingberd Heath became one of us, Peter Meredith, as far as it is possible for such a wretch to be so; he ate with us, and drank with us, which they say is a sacred bond among even savages. It was not so with him. He cast his evil eyes upon Sennamens, to love her after the fashion of his accursed race. Perhaps you may think, Peter Meredith, that such an occurrence should have been foreseen by her father or her uncle Morris, and, for my part, I always thought that it was the presence of my lovely sister which mainly caused this man to join our company; but, at all events, neither they nor I dreaded any ill consequences. A gipsy girl is not a light-of-love maiden, like those of fairer skins. Heaven, who gives her beauty, gives her virtue also; this is not denied, even by our enemies. When you call your sweetheart Gipsy, it is in love, not in reproach. Massingberd Heath knew this well, and therefore it was took such pains in the matter. It is true that we do not marry in church, but when we wed among ourselves, the marriage is not less sacred. It was a wedding of this sort, indissoluble by one party, but not by the other, which this man wished to compass. He did not gain his end."

The old woman's eyes sparkled with triumph for a moment as she said these words, but her voice sank low as she continued:

"Peter Meredith, if you have a sister, think of her while I speak of mine; she cannot be more pure than little Sennamens, nor less designing. Her weakness was one common to all women, but especially to those of our unhappy race; she was fond of finery—fine clothing, jewels, shawls; they became her; she looked like any princess when attired in them. Stanley Carew, who loved her in all honesty, could give her no such costly gifts as Massingberd Heath showered upon her, and, to help his end, even upon me. The gipsy's ragged coat looked mean and poor beside that of our guest. This man, too, whom you know but as a scowling tyrant, with a face scarred with passion and excesses, was than a handsome youth. You smile, Peter, at the wonder of it; it is, however, not less true than that the wrinkled bag to whom you are now listening was then a bonny lad. Imagine that, Peter, and you can imagine anything. Ah, Time, Time, surely at the end of you, there will be something to compensate us for all that you have taken away!"

Once more Rachel Liversedge paused as if in pain; then with eyes whose sight seemed to receive but little of what was present, but were fixed on the unreturning Past, continued as follows:

"Yes, Massingberd Heath was handsome enough, unless when enraged; his wrath always brought the horse-shoe out upon

his forehead." Ay, and he was agreeable enough, too. He could smile as though he had a heart, and vow as though he owned a God. By his devilish art he managed to ingratiate himself with Sennamens; he caused her to treat poor Stanley ill; and then, pretending to take his part, got credit for generosity. There are many who call us gipsies a base people, yet this excess of meanness was quite new to me. My little sister—that was what I always called her, because I loved her so—she believed him. She would have trusted to his word, and married him, according to our rites, and been his wife and drudge for all her life; but since talc could not be without the consent of both of my father and Morris, he had to ask it of them. He might as well have asked it of Sir Wentworth; they had got to know him well by close companionship, for men fathom men better than women do—such a pitch had the quarrel grown between them—and kept our pot boiling with bird and beast. Many and many a time had he led the Fairburn keepers to one extremity of the preserves, while the slasher was going on in the other. Moreover, it would be of great importance, could we make a friend of the man who would one day own all these pleasant haunts of ours, and who could say a good word, and a strong one, for the poor persecuted gypsies, when it was needed. Poor Morris did not know that the Rebel but too often turns out a Tyrant, when he gets his chance. He could not foresee Sir Massingberd Heath sending folks to prison, or getting them kidnapped, and sent across the sea, for assuring the hares that he held so cheaply when they did not happen to belong to himself. If you want to find a gentleman, who in youth, and landless, has been a poacher whenever the opportunity offered, look you among the gage-preparers on the bench of justices. This, however, is among the least of the basenesses of him of whom I speak. It is not for his bitter guardianship of bird and beast, or his hateful oppression of his fellow-creatures, that my heart cries out for judgment against this man; that I look with eager longing for that hour when God shall take him into His own hand."

"Our company was bound on a long travel to Kirk-Yetholm, Roxburghshire, one of the few places in Scotland, although but one mile from the frontier of Northumberland, where the gypsies reside in any number. There we should meet with friends, and be safe from all molestation. It was late in the year to travel so far and into such a climate, but there was no help for it, and, moreover, some of the Carews had a house there, to which Stanley said we should be welcome; and so it turned out. I believe Sennamens would rather have had camped out of doors even in that northern clime, so disinclined was she to be beholden to him or his friends after what had happened—though she did not dare to say so. Poor Stanley imagined that, now we had removed from the neighborhood of his rival, he might renew his suit with success; but the proud girl would not listen to him. She did not exactly pine after the man whose wiles she had so narrowly escaped, but her life seemed henceforth saddened. The domestic duties which had hitherto sat so lightly upon her, became burdensome, and she sat about them languidly. The whole of the time we remained at Kirk-Yetholm, and it was many, many months, she never mentioned Massingberd Heath, but never ceased to think of him. It was fate that she was to be undeviated about that man too late.

CHAPTER XV.

THE REASON CONTINUED.

"About a year after our departure from Fairburn, Sennamens and I had been to sell some baskets, the making of which was a great trade with us at that time, at Wooler, in Northumberland; and on our return from the fair that was being held there, we met a number of gentlemen driving home from shooting in the Cheviots. They went by very rapidly, yet not so fast but that I recognized one of their number. I had only to look at my little sister's cheeks to see that she had recognized him also. The very next day came Massingberd Heath to our camp, professing himself injured by our abrupt withdrawal from his society, volunteering his companionship as before, and reiterating his vows and promises to Sennamens. She expressed herself in such a manner as to lead us almost to fear she might be induced to slope with him; while he upon his side, seemed prepared to sacrifice everything to obtain her: his very selfishness caused him, as it were, to forget himself, and I do believe, if it had been insisted upon, he would have had the bands published in Wooler Church, in the hearing of the fine friends with whom he was staying, and been married by the parson. However, he again proposed to go through the Cangari ceremony, and this time Morris and my father agreed to it. Having acknowledged himself to be an adopted gipsy, Massingberd Heath was joined in wedlock to Sennamens Liversedge: the ordinary ceremonies were dispensed with, by command of Morris, the bride and bridegroom only pledging themselves to one another solemnly in the presence of the assembled tribe. It was then, since he could not purchase suitable presents in such an out-of-the-way dis-

trict, that I received from that man's hand this shooting-flask, as a remembrance of that day; my uncle commanded me to accept it, (although I vehemently disapproved of what had been done,) and I therefore kept it now, when every other gift of that accursed man has long been committed to the flames. For my part, I could not understand this novel pliancy on the part of Morris and my father; while Sennamens, as I think, implicitly believed in her lover's protestation, that for her sake he would all his life be a wanderer like ourselves. That very day, however, he took her away southward, on his road to London.

For beauty, as I have said, and for gentleness, there never breathed the equal of my little sister, and yet in six short months this Heath grew weary of her; like a spoiled child tired with a fragile toy, he cared not what became of her, so long as it vexed his eyes no more. It is not necessary to tell what brutal insult he put upon her; enough to say that she fled from him in terror—as he had intended her to do—and returned to us, heart-stricken, woe-begone, sheet to become a mother, with nothing but wretchedness in the Future, and even her happy Past a dream dispelled. It was dreadful to look upon little sister, and compare her to what she had been so short a time before. She left the cold after her luxurious life in town, but she was far more ill at ease in mind than body. Above all, she sorrowed because her lover's desertion had left her disgraced—that she had brought shame upon all who belonged to her. Incited by the poor girl's misery, Morris and my father put into effect an audacious design which they had privately had long in hand. We were back again at Fairburn—all but Stanley Carew, who was away about a new horse for our covered cart—not camping in the plantation, as of old, for fear of Sir Wentworth, but upon the common hard by. On a certain morning neither my father nor uncle went forth as usual, but sat at home smoking and watching at the opening of the tent. Not long after breakfast there appeared a wayfarer in the distance, whose form showed gigantic in the summer haze.

"That must be a big fellow, little sister," said I, drawing her attention to it. She was sitting huddled up, as usual, in front of the fire; but no sooner had she caught sight of the object in question, than she ran with a cry to her father's knee, and besought him to save her from Massingberd Heath. Ah, even then, at that last moment, if father or uncle had but consulted me, or let me into their plan, I should not have my little sister's shuddering face before me, as now—the large eyes wild, the full lips pale with terror. He had beaten her—poor darling—even before the scene that was coming; but she had even more reason than she knew for fear. This man came striding on to the entrance of the tent, and stood there looking at its inmates with a withering scowl. 'Why don't you speak?' said he, 'you vagabonds! For what is it that you have dared to send for me?'

"My father pointed towards Sennamens Heath."

"'No,' retorted the ruffian coolly. 'What is she to me? The drab has come home to her thieving friends again, it seems—the more fool she; for there was more than one who had a fancy for her in town, and would have taken her off my hands.'

"My father's fingers mechanically sought the knife which lay beside his half-finished basket; but my uncle Morris stood up between him and the speaker, and thus replied:

"'Massingberd Heath, I sent for you to tell you something which concerns both us and you. Many months ago, you came to us, uninvited and unwelcome, and elected to be a gipsy like ourselves. This makes you smile very scornfully; yet if you did not mean the thing you said, you lied. However, we believed you. You were admitted into what, however wretched and debased it may seem to you, was our home, and all we had to offer you was at your service. You fell in love with that poor girl yonder, and she did not tremble at your voice, as now, but trusted to your honor. It is true, your position in the world was high, and here was what you saw it to be. Still, you woosed her, and not she you; that is so, and you know it. Do not slander her, sir, less presently you should be sorry for it. Again and again, then, you demanded her hand in marriage—such marriage, that is, as prevails among our people—not so ceremonious, indeed, as with the rest of the world, but less binding. This we would not grant, because we disbelieved your protestations on your honor and before your God; and disbelieved them, as it has turned out, with reason. Then we fled from you and your false solicitations to the north, hundreds of miles away; even thither you followed us, or else accidentally fell in with us; I know not which. You renewed your offers and your oaths. We found all worthless as you are, that the poor girl loved you still, and, yielding to your repeated importunity, we suffered her to become your wife.'

"I am reminded by a friendly critic of the 'anomalous coincidence' of a horse-shoe on the forehead, in the case of *Redgauntlet*. I never think of Sir Massingberd without thinking of that worthy; and it has been a matter of doubt with me whether Sir Walter Scott might not himself have seen the Squire of Fairburn, and drawn him from life—both as to mind and nature—in his famous novel.

"We knew that, Massingberd Heath, although the girl did not know it; she trusted you, although your every word was false."

"She is fool enough for anything," returned the other brutally. 'But I know all this. Have you dared to bring me here merely to repeat a story I know so well?'

"A story with an ending that you have yet to learn," pursued my uncle, sternly. "You were wedded by no gipsy name, as you call them; you took Sennamens Liversedge, in the presence of many persons, solemnly to wife."

"'Ay, and I might take her sister there, and marry her to-day after the same fashion, and no law could say me "nay."

"'Yes, here, Massingberd Heath; but not at Kirk-Yetholm.'

"'And why not?' inquired the rustic, with a mocking laugh, that had, however, something shrill and wavering in it.

"'Because Kirk-Yetholm it over the border, and, by the laws of Scotland, my wife Sennamens is your wife, proud man, and nothing but death can dissolve the bond.'

"An awful silence succeeded my uncle's words. Massingberd Heath turned livid, and twice in vain essayed to speak; he was half-strangled by passion.

"'You shall have but little to thank Heaven for, girl, if this be true,' cried her husband, hoarses with concentrated rage; 'somebody shall pay for this.'

"'It is true,' quoth my father, 'and you feel it to be so. Nothing remains, then, but to make the best of it. We do not seek anything at your hands, nor—'

"'Only the right of camping undisturbed about Fairburn,' interrupted my uncle Morris, who was of a grasping disposition, and had planned the whole matter, I fear, not without an eye to the advantage of his tribe. 'You wouldn't treat your wife's family as trespassers.'

"'Certainly not,' returned Massingberd Heath, with bitterness; 'they shall be most welcome. I should be extremely sorry if they were to leave my neighborhood just yet. In the meantime, however, I want my wife—my wife. Come along with me, my pretty one.'

"He looked like a wild beast, within springing distance of his prey.

"'Oh father, uncle, defend me!' cried the miserable girl. 'What have you done to bring this man's vengeance upon me?'

"'Ay, you are right there!' answered her husband, in a voice that froze my veins. 'That is still left for me—vengeance. Come along, I say; I hunger until it shall begin.'

"'Massingberd Heath,' cried I, throwing myself at his feet, 'for God's sake, have mercy upon her; it is not her fault. She knew no more than you of all these things. Look how ill and pale she is—you above all men, should have pity on her wretched condition. Oh leave her with us, leave my little sister here, and neither she nor we will ever trouble you, ever come near you. It shall be just the same as though you never set eyes upon us; it shall indeed! Oh, you would not, could not be cruel to such a one as she.'

"I pointed to her as she stood clinging to her father's arm as much for support as in appeal, so beautiful, so pitiful, so weak; a spectacle to move a heart of stone.

"'Could I not be "true,"' returned he, with a grating laugh, 'ay, to even such a one as she? Ask her—ask her.'

"There was no occasion to put the question; you saw the answer in her shrinking form, her trembling limbs: his every word fell upon her like a blow.

"She has not yet known, however, what I can be to my wife,' continued he. 'Come, my pretty one, come.'

"She shall not,' cried my father vehemently; 'it shall never be in his power to hurt her.'

"'What! and I her husband?' exclaimed the other mockingly. 'Both one until death us do part! Not come!'

"'He will kill her,' murmured my father; 'her blood will be on my head.'

"'Are you coming—wife?' cried Massingberd Heath in a terrible voice; he stepped forward, and grasped her slender wrist with fingers of steel. Morris and my father rushed forward, but the man had swung her behind him, placing himself between her and them, and at the same instant he had taken from his pocket a life-preserver—he carries it to this day—armed with which he was a match for five such men. 'And now,' cried he, 'what man shall stop me from doing what I will with my own?'

"'I!' exclaimed a sudden voice, and with the word some dark mass launched itself so violently against the throat of Massingberd Heath

ROMANCE IN REAL LIFE.
A Wife in Court with Two Husband—She makes a choice—The decision.

On Tuesday, in the Police Court (Cincinnati) a singular occurrence in real life took place, which in this city at least, has seldom transpired. The facts are these: About five years ago a man named Edward Carey left an affectionate and beautiful wife and three interesting children to seek his fortune in the mines of California. For one year after his arrival in the gold country, Carey wrote constantly to his wife, and enclosed frequent sums of money. Suddenly the correspondence ceased, and Mrs. Carey receiving no money, was compelled to adopt other means to obtain a livelihood for herself and little ones. In a few weeks thereafter, Mrs. Carey received information that her husband had been killed in the mines, which was corroborated by a subsequent letter from California. For three years she lived, as she supposed she was, a widow, and received the attention of an Italian named Joseph Reibe, who succeeded in gaining her affections; she consented to marriage, and about a year ago the two were legally united in the bonds of wedlock, and have ever since lived quite happily together.

On Sunday last, as the church bells were summoning to the house of God, Edward Carey, who had arrived direct from California by the morning train, was making inquiries in the neighborhood (in which his family resided when he left Cincinnati) for his wife and children. His neighbors and friends stood amazed and trembled upon beholding the man whom they had long since believed to be dead. Upon being assured that it was Carey, who was not dead but living, he was astounded with the intelligence that his wife, who had also believed that he had "gone to that bourne whence no traveller returns," was again married to another man, with whom she was now living in domestic felicity. Ascertaining the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Reibe, the afflited husband hastened to ascertain whether what he had heard was true or false. Knocking at the door, a tall Italian, measuring six feet one and one-half inches, came to the door. Carey inquired:

"Does Mrs. Reibe live here?"
"She does—will you walk in?" replied the Italian.

"Yes sir; will you please tell her that a gentleman desires to see her," said Carey.

The Italian consented, and on going to the door leading into the dining-room called his wife by her first name. She answered, and all full of smiles, came running into the parlor. Upon seeing her husband who rose from his seat to meet her, she screamed out, "My God, Carey!" and fell fainting to the floor. The husband both hastened to raise her from the floor. When Carey informed Reibe that he was Edward Carey, the lady's lawful husband, Reibe also claimed her as his wife, and added, "I shall never give her up." Before the wife had fully recovered from her fainting attack the two husbands had become engaged in angry, violent words, resulting in Carey's drawing a pistol upon Reibe, and by the latter being forcibly ejected from his house. Reibe on Monday morning, had a warrant sworn out in the Police Court, charging Carey with disorderly conduct and provoking him to commit a breach of the peace. Carey was arrested, and when arraigned before Judge Warren, in the presence of Reibe and the wife, he asked the Court to hear an explanation before he entered his plea. Judge Warren consented, and Carey stated that he and Reibe both claimed the lady (pointing to Mrs. Carey Reibe) as wife, and he believing himself to be the legal claimant, had become disorderly in demanding pre-emptorily of Reibe that he should give her up. Reibe, through the prosecuting attorney, Mr. Straub, exhibited to the Court the marriage certificate, and the question was at once raised, "What further proceedings could be had in that Court?" The wife, who, like Nlobe, all in tears, was called up and asked by the Court if either of these men was her husband? She replied that she had been married to both, but having learned that her first husband was dead she formed an attachment for Reibe three years afterward and married him. After assuring the Court of her deep seated attachment always for Carey, and now her warm affection for Reibe who had been to her an affectionate and devoted husband, the Court inquired of her, viz.:

"What do you propose to do; live with your first husband, who is legally such, or your last husband, who, by misapprehension, and unintentionally, you have made your husband?"

The lady replied, "My duty and my desire are to go and live with my first husband, Edward Carey."

The scene which followed can never be described. Carey and his wife approached each other and wept aloud, while the dispossessed Italian, seated in his chair like a statue, presented a picture of despair and disappointment. Presently his feelings were overcome, and he grovishly wept, clutching the sympathy of all. Carey and wife, arm in arm, left the Court-room, and Reibe, after receiving kindly admonition from the Court that he must be resigned, and pursue the matter no further, left the presence of the Court deeply chagrined and terribly mortified at the fate which had befallen him.

Carey and his family are preparing to leave the city, and Reibe, all alone in a deserted house, refuses to be comforted.—*Cincinnati Enquirer*, 264.

SUBSTITUTE FOR GUNPOWDER.—Dr. Paul Swift, of Haverford College, Pennsylvania, lately discovered that sulphurized hydrogen, in carbon, forms a very explosive compound, it having blown a hole through a thick oak bench, upon which the first experiment was tried.

The carbon being placed under a receiver, imbued from 90 to 100 times its bulk of sulphurized hydrogen, and becomes very explosive.

The doctor, aided by Dr. Robert Chase, of New York, is now pursuing a course of experiments which have thus far been entirely successful. They are confident of having found a substitute for gunpowder which can be manufactured at less than half the cost of the article now in use.

SILVER.—Silver has just been discovered in the pinnacles in Burnett county, Wisconsin. A man chopping wood suddenly turned out from a ledge of rock a "chip" of copper and silver; a further examination revealed a vein of silver ore.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.—The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1000 head. The prices realized from \$10 to \$12 per 100 lbs. 165 Cows brought from \$20 to \$40 per head. 250 Sheep were sold at \$3 to \$5 cents per head. 2600 Hogs at \$10 to \$12 per 100 lbs.

LIVE STOCK INSURANCE.—An act to incorporate the "Mutual Live Stock Insurance Company of Chester County" has passed the House of Representatives. The managers of said company are not to be less than five nor more than fifteen. They are required to meet on the third Monday of November of each year, and give an account of their stewardship to the stockholders. The office of said company is to be located at Chesterville, and the corporators are Isaac Hayes, Abram Gibson, Gen. Palmer, Enoch Harris, Jacob Edge, James K. Grier, and Alexander Hodson. The company proposes to make insurance on the lives of live stock, such as horses, mules, cattle, sheep, swine, etc., and to make, execute, and perform such policies and other instruments as the nature of the business may require.

52° Room ENQUIRER or SEA CAPTAINS.—According to the report of the inquest on the drowned passengers of the *Bohemian* in a Portland paper, a shipmaster who was on board the steamer when she was lost testified that, although he expressed his fear to a fellow passenger of the danger of the steamer's striking against a rock, he did not do so to Capt. Borland, "who knew best where he was." The witness also said he did not consider it his place to advise the captain. Said he would not have told the captain if he had known certain she was going on the rocks, as it was not his place to pass the intervening gulf between this earth and the remotest point to which this telescope has reached. How utterly unable is the mind to grasp even a fraction of this immense period. To conceive the passing events of a hundred thousand years only, is an impossibility, to say nothing of millions and hundreds of millions of years.

EASY AGAIN.—A vendor of hoops was recently extolling his wares in presence of a customer's husband. "No lady should be without one of these beautiful skirts," said the store-keeper. "Well, of course not," dryly remarked the husband, who was something of a wag, "she should be within them."

EASY AGAIN.—A man named Oats was hauled up recently for beating his wife and children. On being sentenced to imprisonment, the brute remarked that it was very hard that a man was not allowed to thrash his own cat.

EASY AGAIN.—If you would find a great many fascia, be on the look out. If you would find them in still greater abundance, be on the look in.

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL.—There has been less activity in the Flour market—18,000 bushels, mostly Western and Pennsylvanian extra fine, have been disposed of at \$6.75 for low, and \$7.25 for fair to good flour. 5000 bushels of grade family, part at \$7.50/bbl and part private; fancy brands at \$8.50 to \$9; extras at \$8.50/bbl, and superfine at \$9.75/bbl. Rye flour is scarce at \$6.50/bbl. Of Corn Meal we hear of no sales to alter quotations.

WHEAT comes in slowly, and Wheat has been in fair demand and dear at previous rates, with sales of about 20,000 bushels at \$1.40/bbl for choice reds, mostly at \$1.40 for white. The latter for prime Kentucky Rye is in steady demand, with sales of Pennsylvania at \$1.97/bbl. Corn is unsold; sales reach about \$0.50/bbl at \$1.20; 1.35 for yellow. Oats are better, and all offered; some 25,000 bushels found buyers, at \$4.00/bbl; the latter for heavy Pennsylvania. Barley and Malt remain quiet, but several sales of the latter are reported at \$1.70/bbl.

PROVISIONS.—The market for 52° Hog product generally is more active. Some sales of Pork are made at \$3.00/bbl for old Mass. Beef is also better, and Beef Hams sold at \$2.25/bbl; Mop Beef is steady at \$1.90/bbl for country and city packed.

SAUSAGES.—Sausages are made at \$1.10/bbl for pickled Hams; 10% for salted sides, and 9% for shoulder; the latter in pickle. Lard is quiet at 13% for bbls; kegs continue scarce at 16% for bbls. Butter commands 35¢/bbl, and choice lots 34¢/bbl. Cheese is selling at 15¢/bbl. Eggs are quoted at 22¢ per dozen.

COTTON.—The market is better and rather more active, and the sales reach about 300 bales, mostly at equal to 72¢/bale for low and good middling quality.

ARIES are firm.

BARK.—Sales of 90 hhd. 1st No 1 Quercitron at \$37 per ton. Tanners' Bark continues scarce and high.

BEER.—Good Yellow is in request at 53¢/bbl.

COAL.—The market is excited and more active, with a good demand to go East.

COFFEE.—The market continues active; sales of 3000 bags at \$36/bbl for Rio, and \$38/bbl for Languiva, cash and 4 mos.

COPPER.—Good Western are quoted at \$6.00/bbl.

FRUIT.—Dried Apples and Peaches are scarce. We quote the former at 15¢/bale for unpeeled quarters and halves, and the latter at 9% for 10%.

HAY.—Is selling at \$25/bale per ton.

HOPS.—Hops are setting at 36¢/bale per bbl, in quality, for fair to good Eastern and Western.

IRON.—The market continues buoyant and very active, with sales of 3000 tons Anthracite. It is scarce; a sale of 100 tons was made at \$52/bbl. Manufactured Iron continues on the advance.

LUMBER.—The market is active and on the advance. Sales of 700 hhd. Cuba are reported at \$5/bbl for clayed, and \$5.50/bbl for Muscovado, and New Orleans, and small lots at 75¢/bbl. cash.

MOLASSES.—The market is active and on the advance. Sales of 700 hhd. Cuba are reported at \$5/bbl for clayed, and \$5.50/bbl for Muscovado, and New Orleans, and small lots at 75¢/bbl. cash.

PLASTER.—Good Yellow is in request at 53¢/bbl.

FEATHERS.—Good Western are quoted at \$1.00/bbl.

